Numb 99.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

From Wednesday March 1, to Friday March 3, 1710.

ROSELLA's Day.

From my CLOSET.

THE great variety of Humane Follies which fruitful *Auguſta* produces yearly, might afford this Paper conſtant Supplies, and free it from the leaſt imputation of ever being Dull; but the Misfortune is, they croud one another ſo cloſe, that we have not Time to conſider them in a full Light; the third part of Polite Abſurdities eſcape us, and what remains is Lame and Imperfect.

What Character wou'd Charm us more than *Clidamira*'s, Wou'd She give it us with all its uncommon Graces, or allow us leave to take it. *Clidamira* is a Wit, Writes much, is Florid and Unintelligible, reads all that comes out, Criticizes *Extempore*, and is the *Olia* of Converſation: She Talks, I won't ſay to the Admiration of all that hear, no Living Wit muſt pretend to that, but extreamly to her own Satisfaction. She has a high Eſteem for all the Ingenious, She is fond of them, Careſſes, Praiſes, and Invites them to her Houſe, wonders they will never do her the Favour to come; they promiſe faithfully, and take the firſt Opportunity of keeping their Word; they ask for *Clidamira*, and are admitted into the Great Parlour; the Woman deſires they wou'd be pleaſed to ſend up their Name, which with a Smile they Communicate, and then turn to the Glaſs to ſet themſelves to the beſt Advantage, that they may be fit to meet the Lady half way at her Approach: But to their Diſappointment the Woman returns with a Melancholy Air, and brings them the unexpected News of her Lady's Indiſpoſition, who laments that ſhe cannot ſee them, but intreats they'll call again; nay, deſires they'll leave a promiſe when: They retire confus'd, not forgetting to expreſs their Concern for the Lady's ſudden Illneſs, and as ſoon as they hold it Convenient they return: But *Clidamira* is engag'd; if it is in the Morning, ſhe wiſhes they wou'd come in the Afternoon; if in the Afternoon, ſhe wonders they wou'd not be ſo free to take her at her *Tea-Table*; they leave her Murmuring, but ſoftly.

Sometime after ſhe meets them at a Viſit, unbraids them with Unkindneſs, once more prevails with them to ſeek her, but in vain, She is either Sick or not ſtirring, Juſt a going out, or obliged to write Four Sides of Paper for an Opiate to her Country Correſpondent; and thus if you were to proceed your whole Life time, I can aſſure you *Clidamira* wou'd be ſtill the ſame, the Shaddow that by turns purſu'd and ſhun'd you. But wou'd you know the Reaſon of all this, I'll tell you in few Words: You keep no Coach nor Chair, but trudge a Foot; wear plain Cloaths, and are perfectly Ignorant of Intrigue: All that ſhe ſaid to you had no other meaning than that you ſhou'd admire her, and obſerve her to be a Woman of great Conſequence; but if you wou'd have her admire You, you muſt take new meaſures, Dreſs well, be Gay and Intelligent, make Entertainments and Play high; then *Clidamira* will be found eaſie of Acceſs, and you ſhall be admitted to obſerve what Invention it ſtands her in to form excuſes proper for the different Invalids, ſhe has incourag'd to call for them,

Of another Species is the Fantaſque of *Julia*, ſhe has ſuch a paſſion for Converſation, that ſhe receives all that can bear with hers, from Stupid Chuff to Inſpid Briſk, with open Arms and repeated Welcomes: When you viſit her, ſhe is overjoy'd you are Come, but ſhe's aſham'd to ſee you, ſhe excuſes her Dreſs, complains of her Daughter-in law, and the Chollick, Irreligion and Ingratitude; ſhe ſpeaks much of Experience and Piety; ſhe thanks her Stars, ſhe has reach'd the ſummit of Humane Knowledge, and ſhe has liv'd up to its Divine Dictates from her Cradle. Shou'd a Prophane Jeſt interrupt this modeſt account of her ſelf, ſhe is ſure to Laugh the longeſt and the loudeſt in the Company, and then re-aſſume the thread of her Diſcourſe; Wou'd you be acquainted with Underſtanding, examin her Capacity; Do you ſeek Perfection, Conſider her Virtues? Is any one in Diſtreſs, pitty tears Her Mind? Is any one in Proſperity, Envy eats her through her Heart: When ſhe praiſes, ſhe takes care to let you know that ſhe ſpeaks altogether her own Imagination; for to confeſs the truth, the Perſon ſhe's talking of has not one good quality when ſhe Rails, which is not ſeldom; ſhe introduces her bitterneſs with ſome neceſſary Phraſe, *as I ſpeak without any deſign of doing the ſmalleſt Injury, for my part I wiſh every body VVell, I am in perfect Charity with all the World*, &c. then proceeds to the blackeſt detraction Malice ever whiſper'd; She is a great Propheſier of Events that are paſt, but has a very imperfect gueſs as to Futurity; yet has a conſtant apprehenſion of the worſt; to all this ſhe is a deſigner of Mirth, and a propoſer of Aſſignations, a worker of publick good Offices and private Ill Ones, an agravater of Miſunderſtandings, and a ſuſpecter of Friendſhips. Muſick, Company, Love and Poetry are her delight; but Diſcord, Illnature, Hatred and Diſpute are her Buſineſs: I have ſeen a Volumn where Sermons, Plays, Pamphlets and Hymns were bound together by a Capricious hand, with ſome ſcurvy Animadverſions and Applications, and this comes the neareſt a Deſcription of *Julia*'s Mind of any thing that occurs at preſent to my Memory; ſhe is a Collection of miſtakes

miſtakes, an Aſſembly of Contradictions, and an Abſtract of Vanity.

But Error is not confin'd to our Sex, a generous Education, profound Learning, and which is yet a far greater advantage than both, Polite Converſation, has not been able to ſecure the Minds of Men; a Thouſand Inſtances croſs my Thoughts at once, and render it doubtful, where or with whom to begin, with noiſy Folly, or ſullen Pride, or ſtudied Fopery, or officious Impertinence: Shall I begin with the formal Pedant that looks down with Inſolent contempt on his Family, and hears all they ſay with Scorn, or with the humble Ignorant that looks up with wonder on his Witty Wife, and interrupts every Word ſhe ſays with Ridiculous applauſe, there is the Drunkard, and the Debauchee, Characters too vile for a Female Pen, but when I have nam'd *Dorylas* all muſt give place, he is the firſt of ſerious Triflers, has Wit and Courage often ſurpriſing, and always irregular, had he grac'd that Age of the World, when Knight-Errantry was in Faſhion, he had doubtleſs been the Heroe of ſome admirable Romance; as it is, we have cauſe to hope he will be the Author of one, from that quickneſs of Invention and Prolixity of Style; an Invention he is forc'd to tame with a Heſitation in his Speech to keep it in view; I have known him to begin a Story, which for any thing he or I apprehended to the contrary, might have ended in a quarter of an Hour, and equally to his Amazement and mine; the Incidents have multiplied at that unreaſonable rate, that it has laſted a whole Afternoon, and then he has been forc'd to break off abruptly after all that time; he's a dealer in Improbabilities, a Refiner of Intriegue, one that had rather amuſe himſelf with purſuing Diſeaſe, then bear the dull contents of idle Health; 'tis granted he has the beſt manner in Penning to himſelf of any, and is the only Billet-deux Writer this Century has produc'd.

Hypocrates next claims my regard, who wears his Ingenuity ſo conceal'd, 'tis doubted by many whether he has any or not, That common Maxim of ſuiting our ſelves to our Converſation, he rejects, and behaves himſelf by a rule altogether Odd and New; he is Wiſe with Beaus, and talks of the Antients, of Languages and Sciences, and Twenty other Learned Matters, they are Ignorant and Innocent of; then leaves them to their Snuff and their Canes, greatly ſatisfy'd with his Abſence: From theſe he goes to the Adepts, and Entertains them with Elegant Diſcourſes on Dreſs and Tea, and wonders why they make him no Anſwer: He viſits Virtuous Women, and there repeats the guilty Scenes of his ungovern'd Youth, and with Ladies of known Liberty he is reſerved as to a Stoick, but to Young Libertines he tells endleſs Stories of Platonick Love, and to Old Men that have one Foot in the Grave, he dwells upon the Nature and Remedies of Amorous Diſtempers; with the ſofteſt Humility he grants the Requeſt of Avarice, but with Inſolence and Indignation paſſes by intreating Indigence: He is Generous to Profuſion, where he knows they are above being obliged, but Sordid to a Proverb where Misfortunes ought to excite his Humanity; he knows perfectly well what is for his Intereſt in the practical Part, which makes ſo many ſpeak well of him that do ſo of no body elſe, and yet he ſeems wholly unacquainted with agreeable Manners and good Morals, which is the Reaſon he has ſo many Foes amongſt Friendly Diſpoſitions. To Day he often Smiles on you, and promiſes to do you all the Service in the World, much more than you Ask or Want: But to Morrow perſwade your ſelf to forget it all; for if you attempt to remind him of what he has ſaid, he wonders at your Preſumption, and has ſo much forgot it, that he does not know your Name. Thus qualify'd, how cou'd he miſs of being Great, and thus true to his Idol Gain he can never be leſs, and need not regret being ſpoke againſt. Upon the whole, whatever Faults may eſcape Women, they are Few and Trivial, when compar'd with Mens; and I agree with the *Squire* in this particular, that we owe all our Follies to the Precepts or Examples of that Sex.

†‡† *The* Milliner *that lately retired from her Houſe in St* James's-ſtreet, *to avoid the Impertinencies of Viſitors, may be very eaſy and ſecure, ſince in ſo abominable a way and ſuch Standalous Company, even her Creditors are aſhamed to follow her.*

†‡† *A Diſcourſe upon* Sleep, *ſhowing its Mighty Advantages, as procuring both the Eaſe of the Mind, Clearneſs of the Underſtanding, and Health of the whole Man; with a Digreſſion concerning Pleaſant Dreams and Peaceful Wakings, Dedicated to the Illiterate of this famous City, whoſe late Watchings and early (tho' needleſs Cares) have almoſt turn'd their Brains, and made them commit Outrages, to the great Injury of the Cauſe they aſſert, as well as that they diſown.*

‡ *A Propoſition for* Peace, *being a Perſwaſion from Jealouſies, Heart-burnings and Unchriſtian Violence on all Partits, addreſs'd to every individual throughout this Spacious Iſland of* Great Britain.

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